

ONE LOAF FOR POOR KATY

BY UNCLE LUKE.

Place, Mister, I'd not forward be,
But Katy, sir—she's starvin' now—
An' could yez give wan loaf tow me,
Tew kape the death sweat from her brow!

"Who's Katy?" She's my poor wife, sir.
Ye've seen bright roses in her face,
Whin, wan year past, I widdied her,
An' now—the blue veins in their place.

This mornin', I bed stayed my hand—
Hed lost all hope—except to die,
Whin Kate looked for o'er the land,
An' saw yer maet dag floatin' high.

Ah! how her blue eyes lit wid joy!
My poor, frail darlint, once so fair;
I cried right out as whin a boy—
An', crazy like, tored wid her hair.

Bed she, "Look down the channel there!
The stars and stripes, fer shure, Jamie—
Ould Ireland's poor, wid song and prayer,
Shall live the blue veins in their place.

"Go, Jamie—T'll not be afraid,
There—mind me not—an' dry yer eyes;
Yeknow the holy father said,
Kind Uncle Sam would hear our cries.

"Wan loaf, ax thim, fer poor Katy,
Fer sake of baby tow be born—
I am an' alive, Jamie—
Afore dawn o' another morn."

Och! thank yez, sir, 'tis all I kin—
Whin! prates tow, an' sugar 'n' tea?
The Virgin bless yez, gintlemin—
A kind heart bed Americe.

Some sez it is the wrath o' God,
That's blighting our ould Ireland so.
An' thers, caze the fitty sod
We'll, instead o' 'gratit foe.

But, gintlemin, be the's it may,
A starvin' mon's no mind to make.
Now take the thanks, an' I'll away,
That Jamie's heart's tew full to spake.

MALAMAZO, Mich.

WAS IT DEATH?

One frequently hears, nowadays, of the injection of medicine into the veins by means of a hypodermic syringe, as one of the new-fashioned modes of cure. My own experience in the matter, limited as it is, may be useful as a warning both to physicians and sufferers, and it may be interesting, first, because it is real; secondly, as we must die some time or other, I suppose most of us wonder now and then how it will feel. Now, if what I went through was not death, it was at least so near it that as far as physical sensation went it was practically the same thing.

I had been ill for some time, suffering from frequent returns of severe pains, which the doctors thought might be rheumatic, or neuralgic, or might be something else. At any rate, they could not hit upon the medicines either to relieve these pains or to prevent their recurrence. Meanwhile, they were experimenting, and I was getting weak and thin; so it was determined to try and ease me of my misery, if even only for a time, in hopes that nature would gather a little strength, and perhaps succeed in doing what the doctors had failed in—curing me.

I had a great objection to taking opium, on account of its well-known injurious effects, and I had borne a great deal of pain rather than take it. The doctors, however, overcame my objections by assuring me that the injection of morphine under the skin was not attended with the same injury to the constitution, and was usually more efficacious in cases like mine than any other way of taking the drug.

Accordingly, I was furnished with a very small syringe, which would hold just the right dose, to the end of which was attached a sharp-pointed tube about the size of a sailor's needle. A small bottle of morphine was also provided, and I promised faithfully to use it according to directions on the return of severe pain. My medical attendant was very anxious to try it then and there himself, but, as at the time of his visit I was enjoying an interval of ease, I would not consent to this, feeling confident—as, indeed, he himself did—of my capacity to administer it, and being without anxiety as to the result.

That night, before going to bed, several severe twinges, which had been at me for an hour or more, gave unmistakable warning of another night of sleepless torment, unless I could find relief somewhere. Of course I thought of the little syringe. If I had had any apprehensions about the effects, I certainly should have had some assistance at hand; but I am an unimaginative individual, taking things as they come, so I said good-night, went to my room and locked the door as usual. When my preparations for the night were complete I took my new friend out of the pretty little morocco case and filled the syringe only about two-thirds full of the solution, for such were the doctor's orders, as I had never previously taken morphine in any way; it is to this precaution I probably owe my life. Then, according to instruction, I pinched up a piece of the calf of my leg tightly between the finger and thumb of my left hand, inserted the point of the tube under the skin with a dexterity which I remember pleased me at the time, as I thought what a skillful surgeon might have been lost to suffering humanity by the untoward circumstances of my early life, and gently introduced into my system the magic fluid which was to relieve me of all my suffering. It did it with a vengeance, and with unexpected rapidity, too.

The first sensation was of something not belonging to me crawling under my skin, and mounting rapidly up my backbone, spreading thence all over my body as it went. This was not at all painful to me, nor was I alarmed by it; for, though certainly very peculiar, I took it

all at first as part of the programme, and troubled myself no more about it than so far as to hastily unlock the door, thinking, "There is no telling how long I shall sleep, and if I don't open the door in the morning they will be frightened to death."

By this timethe crawling feeling had mounted to the back of my neck. I could trace it as it moved; my limbs were beginning to refuse to serve me; I was obliged to tetter to the bed without putting out my light, for, though not the least sleepy, I should have fallen had I not helped myself by chairs and table. There I lay, eyes wide open, senses all alive, quite out of pain, but no idea of going to sleep. When the crawling thing, whatever it was, reached the back of my head, it seemed to give a slight blow to that part, and immediately I lost all power over my limbs. Still I retained perfect consciousness. I heard the movements going on in different parts of the house. I saw the moon rise and peer in at one of the windows, and I remembered a slight feeling of annoyance that, about midnight, the light would come in through another window, the curtain of which I had neglected to pull down. If I had seen burglars breaking into the room, I could not have moved or spoken. I was not troubled about this, however, nor much about anything else on earth. I watched my symptoms with care and interest, and felt certain I was going to sleep, though what was coming next I could not even guess. The only feeling of concern about anything that remember was a thought that rose in my mind like this:

"What a horrible fuss Effie will make when she finds me in this state."

Even this did not trouble me much, for it really did not seem to be any business of mine. By degrees, but so slowly as to be hardly noticeable, I lost all consciousness of my extremities. At first, though I could not control them, I was quite aware that I had hands and feet; now I seemed to lose them, to go from them, as from sensible contact with a foreign body, more into myself. This peculiar loss of consciousness extended very gradually up my limbs. Still I had my senses; my eyes were open, I could see everything around me, I could hear as well as ever, and my mind was clear and perfectly tranquil. I was neither frightened, nor agitated, nor anxious, nor, I must confess, was I impressed with any peculiar solemnity attaching to the occasion. Perhaps this was owing to my habitual matter-of-fact disposition. I seemed to myself just as complete, without my arms and legs as when I had them.

Little by little I lost my body, and with equal indifference. Whether my heart ceased to beat and my lungs to breathe at this time I cannot tell you, for I had no means of knowing; but, if they did, I did not seem to miss them. Soon I was gone up to my neck. Then, and not till then, my senses began to grow dim. First, my sight, not as by the closing of my eyes, but objects disappeared, leaving only the impression of light upon the eye; then that, too, faded, and finally no consciousness of the organ remained. My hearing was still with me, or I with it, whichever you prefer to say. Soon it, too, left me. Head, face, body, senses, all seemed gone—everything except a feeling of weight in my tongue and a round spot in the back of my head, where I had previously felt the blow. Then my tongue went, and the round spot was all that was left; yet this seemed just as absolutely and completely me as ever my body had been.

This state continued apparently a long while, during which I remember wondering what Dr. S. would say when he saw me, hoping he would not meet with any annoyance about his share of the transaction. As to anxiety about worldly or other affairs, fear for the future, memory instantaneously flashing before me the events of my whole life down to the minutest particulars—as we are told it sometimes does—I had no such experience, and I admit I cannot now contemplate the state I was in with anything like the composure I felt at the time, though I distinctly thought to myself, "This is certainly the last;" yet it was with something of relief at its being so well over.

Even that consciousness of existence went, and there was nothing in place of it for I know not how long. The whole affair from the first injection of the morphine to the complete loss of sensibility seemed to me to last some five or six hours; but, of course, I cannot be sure that I am right, as I had nothing to measure time by except my own sensations.

The next thing I have any idea of was the feeling of external warmth applied to my cold body. This I felt all over me at once. Then came a terrible struggle within me, but in which I seemed to have no will—it was probably the first attempt of the involuntary organs to commence their work again. It was distressing, and if I had known how to get away from it I would have done so. At last I became aware of people moving about me, and of warm sunshine around me. With a terrible effort I opened my eyes and saw where I was—out on the veranda, upon which my room opened, with the morning sun and fresh breeze pouring their beneficent influences upon me.

Poor dear Effie was by my side, not

making the "horrible fuss" I had supposed she would, but white and silent, vigorously rubbing me as if her own life depended on it, while the tall, corn-stalk figure of Dr. S. was hovering over me, performing some most extraordinary antics, which I was afterward informed were the most approved artificial methods of restoring respiration. I drew a feeble, gasping sigh.

"Water, doctor, water!" cried Effie; "he is alive. Dash it over his head and neck."

She raised me in her arms as she spoke, turning my face to the breeze. I think I should have choked but for that cool wind blowing over me. A dash of cold water made me draw a long, deep breath, and set heart and lungs at their regular work again. So I "came to," as people call it, and a very disagreeable process it is—much more so than "going off," if I may judge by my own experience of the two.

I was very ill all that day; as weak as a little child, and for days I could not walk across the room without staggering like a drunken man. By degrees I got quite over it, but I think I shall carry with me to my grave the horrible impression of what I suffered in coming back to life.

It seems that Effie came to my room in the morning to see why I did not come to breakfast, and found me lying on the bed cold, and apparently lifeless. I suppose I must have looked very terribly, and really dead, for I can never get her to talk about it. The poor little woman, when I forced the subject upon her, cries, "Don't, don't! I never thought to have seen that sight and live to talk with you about it," and she grows so white I am forced to give up.

Dr. S. says that when he first saw me he certainly thought I was dead. I believe he has never since prescribed the hypodermic use of morphine.

THE REASON OF BIRDS.

May I tell you a few facts to prove that birds can be, like their human friends, both reasonable and unreasonable? First, several years ago a pair of my canaries built; while the hen was sitting the weather became intensely hot. She drooped and I began to fear that she would not be strong enough to hatch the eggs. I watched the birds closely, and soon found that the cock was a devoted nurse. He bathed in the fresh cold water I supplied every morning, then went to the edge of the nest, and the hen buried her head in his breast and was refreshed. Without food and without a sponge, what more could he have done? Second, the following spring the same bird was hanging in the window with three other canaries, each in a separate cage. I was sitting in the room, and heard a little favorite give a peculiar cry. I looked up, and saw all the birds crouching on their perches, paralyzed with fright. On going to the window to ascertain the cause of their terror, I saw a large balloon passing over the end of the street. The birds did not move till it was out of sight, when they all gave a chirp of relief. The balloon was only in sight of the bird who gave the alarm, and I have no doubt he mistook it for a bird of prey. Third, I have a green and a yellow canary hanging side by side. They are treated exactly alike, and are warm friends. One has often refused to partake of some delicacy till the other was supplied with it. One day I had five blossoms of dandelion; I gave three to the green bird, two to the yellow one. The latter flew about his cage, singing in a shrill voice, and showed unmistakable signs of anger. Guessing the cause I took away one of the three flowers, when both birds settled down quietly to enjoy their feast.—*London Spectator.*

The Power of a Cyclone.

In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclonic forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Bengal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," says Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water every twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bottom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of the whole Indian gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm.—*London Times.*

It is notorious that dogs take their manners from the human society in which they have been brought up. Thus the coach-dog, having associated all his life with grooms and stable men, is deficient in sagacity and only fit to follow the rumbling of the wheels. Fighting, gripping, and holding on with iron tenacity are the congenital attributes of the bull-dog, while the greyhound has little of the reasoning faculty which is born in the colley or sheep-dog. A parlor dog, which, like Devere's Mrs. Rooney, "comes o' decent people," would repudiate the company of a street cur, whom the gentleman and scholar of Burns would nose and find out, just as honest Launce's cur Crab was spotted by the two or three gentleman-like dogs with which he came in contact under the Duke's table.

A MADDEN'S TEST.

BY UNCLE LUTHER.

One day, with truly, I asked a man,
Came by garden; then turned away,
While these words spoke he:
"To get better built, I com to grow
In these flowers' place."
A piked expectancy, I know,
Died then on my face.

I half admired the man before,
But his words out-did—
I bade him all his sorrowd wealth
For another keep.
To-day he courts the kitchen stove—
Grand man, wise and good!
And smiles and dances, while his wife
Carries in the wood.

Young maiden, when a lover comes
Frowning round your bowers,
Go hide you in the garden then,
Among your blooming flowers.
Your heart dith wish to self betray,
Laugh a merry fall;
But note his face while searching you—
Rarest flower of all.

If pompously he strides along,
Mid the beauties there;
If bade he not to fragrance drink
From some blossoms fair;
If scorn clouds on his countenance
Plainly lower in view,
That all that "maiden publish" grown
Needs so much of you;

Slip quickly then behind the hedge,
Speed the garden walks,
And leave you to a safe retreat,
Where no mornid stalks.
But if his face and eyes, and voice,
Of his worth depose,
Then part the fragrant, screening shrubs,
And bid him pick the rose.

Rejected Manuscripts.

Authors have a hard time to find publishers before they win reputation and their works become famous.

Thackeray carried his "Vanity Fair" to nearly a score of publishers before its merits were discovered, and Charlotte Bronte had a similar experience with "Jane Eyre."

Kinglelake could find no one willing to take "Eothen," one of the most elegantly-written works of our century, and finally made it a present to a publisher, after frankly stating his bad luck.

Anthony Trollope, who has accumulated a fortune by his popular novels, received only \$20 for his first year's labors in literature, and \$100 for the second.

Mr. Motley's great book, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was declined by Mr. Murray, "with compliments and thanks," and Carlyle's "French Revolution" was returned with the same courtly refusal.

Even Lord Macaulay had two or three articles returned from the Edinburgh Review. This, however, was not due to their want of merit, or to the editor's failure to discern it, but solely to the jealousy of Lord Brougham. Any young writer who hopes to win fame or fortune without hard struggle may cool his enthusiasm by thinking of such repulses.

The Man with a Glass Eye.

As a train on the Kansas Pacific pulled away from the Sixteenth street depot, a few moments since, a tall, angular specimen of humanity took a seat opposite a lady passenger, and, to all appearances, was intently engaged in studying her face. At first the lady treated the rudeness with good-natured indifference. But at last it began to tell on her nerves. It was a curious and astonishing piece of impertinence. He apparently had the faculty of looking two ways at once. One of his eyes was restless, excited, and roved in all directions. The other, fixed and stony, fastened on her with an unrelaxing stare. She turned her head away, but it intercepted her vision. She tried to hide behind a paper, but she felt that cruel eye piercing through the screen and creeping with a stony look all over her features. It seemed to be picking them up one by one, and examining them with care. The thing became insupportable, and she cried out to him fiercely:

"Sir, why do you look at me so persistently?"

"Me, madam; why, bless my soul! I haven't been looking at you."

"You have, sir—for a half hour or more your eye has been absolutely riveted on my face."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic.

"Yes, sir, it's that eye."

"Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It generally looks any way it pleases—it gives me a good deal of trouble. A great many complain of it. At first I thought they were making fun of me, but I've found out differently now. I've been knocked down two or three times for the impertinence of that eye. I would leave it out altogether but for the looks of the thing. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman, and he brought his other eye to bear upon her in undisguised admiration.

The lady laughingly accepted the explanation, and the rest of the journey was passed very pleasantly to both of them.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Nervousness.

One form of nervousness leads a man to suppose himself seriously ill, when, in reality, he is only more nervous than usual. He flies to a physician for relief, and often ends by persuading himself into a severe illness. The fact is, nervous people waste a great deal of money confidence, and worry on their nervousness. It is perhaps disagreeable to very uncomely people that they are not beautiful; adult intelligent people of defective education lament the disadvantages of their youth; persons who desire to be religious, and yet are intellectually skeptical, are frequently made miserable by the conviction that they are incapable of acquiring piety. A man with a Roman nose may as well bewail his incapacity to change the organ into Grecian outline as for nervous people to lament that they cannot discharge nervousness from their physical organization. It cannot be expelled. It is there to stay. But self-control and self-restraint will do much toward obviating the evil, and are more efficacious than the attendance of any physician.

A woman was rowing on the Susquehanna, at Lancaster, Pa., with two little children. The boat upset when they were in the middle of the river. Barely able to swim by using both arms, she told the little ones to cling to her back. They did so, and she kept all aloft by desperate exertion; but just before reaching the shore one child let go and was drowned.

How "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Came to be Written.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, in her book entitled "Half a Century," gives the following account of the origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Swisshelm, giving an account of her first journey to Washington, says:

"I had letters to the proprietor of the Irving House, where I took board. Had others to Col. Benton, Henry Clay and other great men, but he who most interested me was Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*. The great want of an anti-slavery paper at the capital had been supplied by \$5 subscriptions to a publication fund, and Dr. Bailey called from Cincinnati take charge of it, and few men have kept a charge with more care and skill. He and the *Era* had just passed the ordeal of a frightful mob, in which he was conciliatory, unyielding and victorious; and he was just then gravely anxious that the *Era* should do yeoman service to the cause which had called it into life.

"The *Era* had a large circulation, and high literary standing, but Dr. Bailey was troubled about the difficulty or impossibility of procuring anti-slavery tales. Mrs. Southworth was writing serials for it, and he had hoped that she, a Southern woman with Northern principles, could weave into her stories pictures of slavery which would call damaging attention to it, but in this she had failed.

"Anti-slavery tales, anti-slavery tales was what the good doctor wanted. Temperance had its story-writer in Arthur. If only abolition had a good writer of fiction, one who could interest and educate the young. He knew of but one pen able to write what he wanted, and alas! the finances of the *Era* could not command it. If only he could engage Mrs. Stowe. I had not heard of her, and he explained that she was the daughter of Lyman Beecher. I was surprised, and exclaimed:

"A daughter of Lyman Beecher write abolition stories. Saul among the prophets!"

"I reminded the doctor that President Beecher and Prof. Stowe had broken up the theological department of Lane Seminary by suppressing the anti-slavery agitation raised by Theodore Weld, a Kentucky student, and threw their influence against disturbing the Congregational churches with the new fanaticism; that Edward Beecher invented the "organism-devil," behind which churches and individuals took refuge when called upon to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But Dr. Bailey said he knew them personally, and that, despite their public record, they were at heart anti-slavery, and that prudences alone dictated their course. Mrs. Stowe was a graphic story-teller, had been in Kentucky, taken in the situation and could describe the peculiar institution as no one else could. If he could only enlist her, the whole family would most likely follow into the abolition ranks, but the bounty money, alas, where could he raise it?

"Where there is a will there is a way, and it was but a few months after the conversation when Dr. Bailey forwarded \$100 to Mrs. Stowe, as a retaining fee for her services in the cause of the slave, and lo, the result, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As it progressed he sent her another and then another \$100. Was ever money so well expended?"

Woman as a Census Taker.

Neatly-dressed woman of an uncertain age with big book under her arm and pen in hand rings the door bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born?"

Young lady—"Yes'm."

"Your name, please? What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the lady in the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking around taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plum pudding?"

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook-book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum-pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil— O, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are they in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your consuing."

"Well, you're an impudent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born or what's your name, or when you fine for get married, and there's \$10 fine for not answering census-takers' questions, and if I was you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slouchy morning dress, so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay \$10 just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the censuses either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum pudding and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself—I-I-I."

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all the forenoon, and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing dress skirts."

The Burglar Wasn't There.

Too much presence of mind is a rare surplus in man or woman. It may make as queer mistakes as excitement itself.

A Southern lady, while preparing to retire for the night, thought she saw the eye of a full-length portrait of Washington wink. She had heard of burglars hiding behind pictures, but she did not scream and faint. She took off her diamonds, and opening a drawer as if to put them in it, took out a revolver and quickly discharged six shots into the head of the portrait; and the servants rushed in and found there was no burglar there, and the \$2,300 picture was spoiled for nothing. Presence of mind and coolness don't want to be accompanied by too much imagination.

How to be a Lawyer.

The Hon. Leonard Swett addressed a class of law graduates at Chicago, in which he gave them the following advice as to how to be lawyers. He said:

First of all, he should start poor. The speaker remembered that when he was a law student he went into the office of John Neal, the poet who composed a noted ode to the American eagle. Mr. Neal remarked to him: "You are poor, are you not? Then you will succeed." Poverty is the only substantial hope of a young lawyer. The law is a profession of unrelentless, unremitting labor. Nothing but the whip and spur of necessity will urge a young lawyer to success.

It is doubtful if any man ever gets entirely rid of the agony that takes possession of him in his first effort at public speaking.

The speaker counseled the advisability of young law students going to the country to begin their law practice, for there the best opportunities for use of the speaking facilities occur, and the most frequent and constant practice. In the country a poor law student can the more frequently get upon his feet, shake, and sit down again, and the more frequently he gets up, shakes, and sits down, the better it will be for him. The first thing a law student should do is to go to the country, settle down, and speak on every possible occasion. Mr. Swett remembered the time when a friend offered him 50 cents for every time he would speak in public, and with that liberal inducement he scarcely earned the first half dollar.

The next essential thing for a young lawyer to observe is to keep a well-regulated office. Success and dirt do not run together. The orderliness of a lawyer's office and the care with which papers are preserved will make clients feel that he can be trusted, and that his office is a place of reliability.

Another element of success is honesty. A lawyer should be honest and true in his profession. The speaker denounced those who sacrifice a client to immediate gain. Nothing should be done to a client but to do him good. A lawyer should never have a quarrel with a client, and should never sue one for a fee. Mr. Swett said he would never do business with a man without agreeing for the fee in advance; that is the only fair way for both parties. If the rate of compensation for services is not settled beforehand, and the client is inveigled into expensive litigation, he is aware, and finally, if refusing to pay, you are obliged to sue him, you ought to resign law and give up practice. Clients are often the most grateful of men, and pay their fees readily and gladly. Be good to your client and it will bring its reward. Lawyers should interfere for the most speedy peace, and that, too, will bring its reward. You can buy success by labor.

The practice of law demands the exclusion of everything else. A lawyer, to reach a high standard of success, must not be a politician, or a speculator, or anything else than a lawyer. The speaker encouraged the graduates by informing them that they belonged to a noble profession, one worthy the entire devotion of the life and energies of any young man. He counseled the graduates to acquaint themselves with all the practical affairs of life and all the legitimate ways of the world. Great care in the preservation of a case should be observed. A lawyer cannot win by securing all over a case; the most important thing in it. You must hunt for the joints; every legal case is a hinge upon which it turns. You will be beaten enough, with all your care, said the speaker; you should have a plan. The lawyer should make his profession the absorbing object of life. An omnivorous devouring of literature will clutter the brain and injure its legal faculty, and the angels will not bring the legal record accumen when you want them most.

To Cure Fits of Sneezing.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* says: "During the recent rapid changes of temperature I caught a severe cold in my head, accompanied by a most incessant sneezing. My unfortunate nose gave me no rest. The slightest impact of cold air, or passing from the outside air into a warm room, equally brought on a fit of sneezing. In vain I snuffed camphor and pulsatilla; the light catarrh still triumphed over me. At length I resolved to see what the maintenance of a uniform temperature would do toward diminishing the irritability of my Schneiderian membrane, and accordingly I plugged my nostrils with cotton wool. The effect was instantaneous. I sneezed no more. Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pledgets stopped it at once. Nor was there any inconvenience from their presence, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through." This is really worth knowing, for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that this simple plan may furnish the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay fever.

Two Children's Suicide.

Thos. Crowl, of Beaver county, Pa., was discharged with his regiment from the United States service at the close of the war, in 1865. He had served three years in the army, and participated in most of the great battles, escaping without a wound. While on the railroad on the way home a collision occurred. He was killed. He left a wife and two small children. The widow subsequently married Jared Williams. The stepfather was abusive to the children. Three years ago one of them, a girl 16 years old, was turned out of doors by him, after being beaten. She drowned herself in a stream near by. The other child was a son, named Peter. He was so badly treated by his stepfather that he quit home and obtained a situation. Williams carried his persecution of the boy to his place of employment. Not long ago he succeeded in having Peter discharged from his place. The boy returned home and bade his mother good-bye. The next morning he was found dead in a barn, half a mile away. He had shot himself through the heart.

BASHFUL lover (to his belle): "Would that I had three kilograms of dynamite!" Belle: "Why, monsieur?" Bashful lover: "To break the ice between us."

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the best quality of goods and the most complete stock of
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Furniture, Metallic and Wood Caskets, Picture Frames, Brackets,
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CRADLES AND BABY CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY

The great issues between the parties which

largely affect the welfare of the people and the country, are the topics to be discussed and decided in the coming campaign. The speaker said that the people desire to be enlightened upon these subjects, and that they are already satisfied that the \$325,000 appropriation for the State Convention was finally and properly decided many years ago. I presume you have seen a short note sent to the State Convention. In that I said all I wished to say.

LUKE P. POLAND.

Letter from John C. Whittier

The following letter from Mr. John G. Whittier was read at a Garfield and Arthur meeting in Amesbury, Mass.:

I regret to find that I cannot, as I intended, be present at the formation of a Republican club for Amesbury and Salisbury. I must not, however, let the occasion pass without expressing my hearty sympathy with the movement, and my desire to co-operate with you in your labors in support of a candidate.

to the principles of the Republican party, the
union of the States, and the security of the

myself, I would gladly find an excuse for not coming from active participation in the forthcoming election, and would welcome with inexpressible relief any decided manifestation of a more generous and enlightened policy on the part of Democrats toward the people of color. But I look in vain for any such evidence.

have no words of personal disparagement for the Democratic nominee, and I do full justice

the sincerity and patriotism of many of his supporters; but, as a rule, the party remains as it was at the close of the war. The time has not come when it will be safe to intrust the financial interest of the country and the welfare of the emancipated class to a party whose president can only be elected by compromises with the Greenback heresy, and the virtual suppression, by fraud and violence, of the vote of the colored citizens of the Southern States.

Massachusetts is not a doubtful State. Her vote will be given to the Republican nominee. But let us see to it that her voice at the coming

Renouncing the Democracy.
At a rousing Republican meeting at
Lansing, Mich., the Lansing Garfield
and Arthur Guards were organized with

such enthusiasm. Judge William H. Mackney, for many years a Democrat,

and late a Greenbacker, was pre-ent, signed the constitution and donned the judges. He was heartily cheered, and in response said: "I shall vote and work for the Republican party, because I think they represent the party of justice and equity." The nomina-

nd of a subterfuge; if elected he would be controlled and manipulated by South-

politicians, and would be literally under their control, on account of his lack of experience in civil and political life. If he (Pinckney) lived, his voice would be heard in many times in the coming campaign, and he should give forth uncertain sound. He was a Garfield and Arthur man. At the close of his

Mr. Pinckney is a forcible and eloquent speaker, and is heartily welcomed to the

—Judge P. A. Orton, of the banking firm of Orton, Otis & Co., at Darlingham, Wis., and one of the most distinguished members of the Wisconsin bar, has renounced the Democratic party, in which he has always affiliated, and declares his intention, in a manly and

...dited letter, to vote and use his influence to elect the Presidential ticket nominated by the Republicans at the

Chicago Convention. Judge Orton has urged following in Southern Wisconsin among the Democrats, and will, undoubtedly, induce many of his old patriotic associates to join with him in supporting Garfield and Arthur.

Democracy Epitomized.

. The tariff. That the party, since 1860, has favored absolute free trade, a revenue tariff, "incidental protection," and the remission of the question to the congressional districts; and, at the

sent moment, has named as its candidate for the Presidency a Pennsylvania protectionist.

The currency. In 1868 the party opposed the payment of the bonds in greenbacks, and in 1876 it denounced the Resumption act as "a hindrance to redemption," but now favors "honest money."

Reconstruction. The constitutional amendments were declared "revolutionary."

erty and void - in 1868; their rigid
 agreement demanded in 1872; accept-
 in form in 1876; and broken in letter

The war was pronounced a failure 864; its results partially agreed to 868; and the soldiers and sailors been thanked in every Democratic form since.

adhered to the ante-war theory of the party in regard to public improvements, they elected the Democrats.

The Democratic party now comes to the country without a single affirmative principle except such as it has borrowed from the Republican party, and

national elections, which is a lingering relic of the exploded doctrine of

With emancipation and negro-suffrage disappeared the one cohesive principle of the original Democracy, that is, slavery. Since that time it has shifted its ground in every campaign, and recruits the old party whose name it has only in its total lack of all principle, fertility, tenacity, and Federal

its hostility to the idea of a federal
and supremacy, and its greediness
the spoils of office.

"A Standing Menace."
The Democratic party has never yet
an act that would commend it to
favorable consideration of the peo-
ple of the United States, but, on the
contrary, its traditions and its acts are
and ever have been, a standing

ice to the progress and civilization
he nineteenth century.—LYMAN
TRILL. Democratic candidate for

WHAT is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Violence.

Star eyes—beauty of a spring,
Where thy blossoms form a ring,
Fairies come to dance and sing.
Fairies come to dance and sing,
So thou shalt in old romance;
So you may believe, perchance.
You may watch and you may wait
At the circle long and late,
Fairy forms you will not meet.
There's a fairy nearer by,
You may find, if you will try,
Would you ask me "how" or "why?"
Loving words and gentle deed,
Fellow good, like precious seed,
Helping those who stand in need,
Form the fairy's magic art,
Form of fairy life and heart,
Train a fairy in your heart.

One Vulnerable Point.

A step in the room opposite. The little girl stepped hastily away from the safe, before which she was standing, and was gazing intently out of the window. The door was opened and her mother entered.

"Have you been into the sugar-bowl again, Hattie?" she asked.
"No, ma'am," replied the child, innocently. But the chubby little face, framed in the clustering ringlets of sunny gold, was turned away, for the blue eyes dared not meet mother's, while the little sugar-begrimed fingers were working nervously under her apron folds.

"That's right, dear," said the mother, "always do as I did you. Not that I care for a little sugar, but that I'm afraid so much will make our little girl sick."

And the mother shut the door and returned to her work again.
"Now, Hattie! Now, Hattie! what have you done? Ain't you ashamed of yours? I! A lie to mother! For shame now!"

A still, small whisper in her breast; a something restless, stinging and refusing to become quiet.

"Oh, pshaw!" murmured Hattie, turning away from the window uneasily; "what does it matter? Only just a little 'fib,' so—and mother would have scolded so hard, and I took so little, too, and I couldn't just help it; and, besides," she thought, lighting up a little, "I wasn't in the sugar-bowl no way, for there was some in a paper."

But the rebellious little spirit in her breast was not to be cheated that way. All that afternoon, wherever she went, "Now, Hattie, for shame!" kept whispering and stinging deep in her heart. It wouldn't be left behind, and poor mamma got no kiss from those rosy lips as she had been used to, for her little girl was afraid to approach her, that little something did whisper so loud. She tried to play, but it didn't seem like play any more, and dolly, always so pretty before, was just hateful now. So she kept her room the rest of the afternoon. Night came at last, and gladly did Hattie welcome it, and soon a curly little head was laid upon the pillow, and the bright blue eyes were closed in sleep.

She had not slept long before a noise awakened her, and, listening closely, fresh and confused whispering in the room about her. With a fluttering heart she peeped cautiously out from under the coverlet. Her window was open, and, to her dismay, she saw, revealed by the bright moonlight shining through it, a troop of hideous little gnomes gathered around her bed. Black, hunch-backed-looking creatures, with great, long noses, large teeth and little fiery eyes. With a shudder of terror she quickly buried her head beneath the cover, to make up with fright. But they had seen her, and, with a mocking laugh, they sprang forward and seized her. She would have cried out for help, but she could not; her tongue seemed glued to the roof of her mouth. Giving her to some other who was waiting outside of the window, the gnomes flew away with her on the wings of the wind.

On, on, over forests and plains and streams, far away from her home, they bore her, never stopping in their mad flight. At last they came to a cold, black region, where there were no trees, nor flowers, nor green grass; where the sun was always hid in thick black clouds, and where nothing but heavy rocks and wastes of sand stretched far as the eye could see. Away in the center of this desert was a high throne, and on it sat the King of all the gnomes. Around him were millions of dark, cruel little gnomes, all armed with savage darts and cruel bows. Near the throne was a bare pinnacle of rock, covered with blood and tears, and lying around its base were scores of men, women and children, all pined, bleeding, dying and dead, who, taken prisoners by the gnomes, had been brought to this rock, and put to death for the amusement of their heartless captors.

Poor Hattie! All alone, far from human help and at the mercy of these heartless creatures!

At sight of her all the gnomes set up a cry of savage joy, and crowded about the trembling child, thirsting for her blood. Fastening her upon that bloody rock, they awaited impatiently their King to pronounce the sentence of death upon her. With a breaking heart Hattie begged him most piteously to spare her, but in vain; all mortals who fell into his hands must die, and he ordered his gnomes to prepare. Instantly gathering in frowning ranks about her, with drawn bows and poised darts, the savage creatures awaited impatiently his order to fire.

The command was just upon his lips, when a being of dazzling brightness sprang up in their midst. She was arrayed in a robe of spotless white, her countenance beamed with celestial loveliness, while upon her brows rested a halo of heavenly purity.

At sight of her the gnomes uttered a wild shriek of hatred, and showered clouds of darts upon her, but they bounded back from her robes harmlessly as pebbles. Smiling at their baffled rage, she approached Hattie, and, laying her hand kindly upon her head, bent fondly over her.

"Be not afraid, my child," she whispered, "though I have not the power to rescue you from these cruel creatures, I have put it beyond their power to injure you. My name is Innocence, and I have put my armor upon you which no dart, however sharp and swift, can pierce. Bear up bravely, for, unless under my armor you cherish some secret sin, you are invulnerable." Saying which she vanished.

"Unless under my armor you cherish some secret sin!" Oh, that little "fib" now!

No sooner had Innocence vanished than the little gnomes, frenzied with baffled vengeance, turned again upon Hattie, and, at the command of their King, sent a cloud of darts, poisoned with malice, hatred, envy, falsehood and deceit full at her heart with all their might. But, to their chagrin, not one dart pierced her, all falling to her feet harmlessly as feathers. Baffled, enraged at their defeat, the gnomes showered another volley of darts upon her, but they struck her only to rebound upon her would-be slayers with destructive force. Again and again did they endeavor to destroy her, but it was in vain, and, raving with baffled hatred, they stood nonplussed and humiliated before her.

But at length one little fellow, more shrewd than the others, approached her, and, with ruthless aim, sent a dart right into her mouth! It pierced the tightly-closed lips, tore through the pearly teeth, and imbedded itself deep into the devoted little tongue.

A wild cry of anguish burst from Hattie, and the red blood oozed in a torrent from her lips. Her one vulnerable point was found, and she must perish! In vain she strove to tear the dart from her tongue; it was barbed and firmly imbedded. With a cry of fierce exultation the baffled gnomes crowded again upon her, and sent a myriad of darts right into that defenseless point. They mangled the rosy lips, tore through the chubby little cheeks, and all fastened themselves deep into the poor quivering tongue. With a wild shriek of agony Hattie tore herself loose, and as the gnomes shot another volley of darts upon her she—

Found herself in her cozy bed, with the bright moonbeams falling upon her in a silvery flood, and oh, joy! no trace of the cruel gnomes to be seen. But the next morning a very demure little girl came slowly down-stairs, and, going up to mamma and throwing her arms about her neck, amid sobs and blinding tears confessed all—the little "fib" of the yesterday, and her perilous experience in dreamland. Mamma clasped the penitent little girl to her heart in a fond embrace, kissing away the big tears-drops as they trickled down the rosy cheeks.

And afterward—it may have been in another dream—she learned that the wicked gnomes of her strange dream were the representatives of those mischievous and malicious persons ever abounding in life who seek to destroy the character of others by falsehood and deceit; but ever in vain if the armor of innocence covers the breasts of those whom they would ruin. While the shrewd little gnome, who was so different from the rest, was her conscience, and when all others who would destroy her had failed, he alone knew and pointed out to them her One Vulnerable Point.

A Woman's Noble Deed.

Well do I remember the hotel under the hill, situated on one corner of a little patch of land that was used for the double purpose of garden and orchard. I also remember the old apple trees, which were planted in straggling rows back of the house. It almost "sets my teeth on edge" to think of some of the fruit eaten from those trees. But we children dearly loved those grand old trees, not for their fruit, but for the many rambles we had in their huge tops. I also remember well the fence that ran up by the kitchen, and which, in our childish badness, we used to climb to prevent a younger brother from following when we were off on a rumble over the hills or in the forests. There are many things that I could tell you of, that are deep down in the recesses of my memory, and that time cannot eradicate.

But, above all, do I recollect the most thrilling sight that my childhood ever saw, and that time can no more efface from memory than can it uproot Mount Monadnock, which is situated near the section where the events took place of which I write to-day.

If you will take a large map of the New England States you will find, near the southwest corner of the State of New Hampshire, a small river marked, and upon its bank will be noted the little town of Winchester. About a mile down this swift-traveling stream, from the above-named town, is the little cottage spoken of—or it was there only a few years since.

This little stream makes great falls and tumbles as it twists and turns among the boulders on its way to join the Connecticut river in its downward course to the ocean. Above this cottage, which was but a few rods from the river's bank, is a fall, or succession of falls, the waters of which rushes in and out among the rocks in a white foam, and through which no boat can pass in safety. Directly below this fall is a comparatively still body of water, across which it is safe to pass in a boat properly manned, and with quiet nerves and a steady head. This "Still Water," as it was then called, and is to this day, I suppose, only extended down from the falls about a hundred yards, when it again commenced its wild career, and went tearing and seething and roaring down so far, in fact, that I am not sure that the falls wholly ceased until they united with the more calm Connecticut. My father had occasion to cross and re-cross this stream, and so provided himself with a skiff, which was propelled, not with oars, but with paddles, by which, if you are used to boating, you will know it is not so easily managed. He had been annoyed by persons taking the skiff and using it as they would their own, and leaving it upon the bank which most suited them, and paying no attention to the accommodation of my father, even with his own property.

He was so greatly annoyed by these selfish acts that he bought a stout chain and padlock and secured it to a convenient tree when not in use. This saved him a great amount of trouble; but even this did not prevent unprincipled persons from taking his property, as you will presently see. At the time of which I write, the railroad which now traverses the river on its south bank, opposite our home, was being built, and a large number of hands were employed to work upon it, and little shanties were put up along the line for the convenience of the laborers, most of whom were Irish. It so happened, upon one of their jollification days, that a party

of three came down from the town above, and wished to cross over. My father was away from home, and my dear, kind mother, God bless her, was attending to her family duties, when she heard a cry for help come up from the river.

The three men had stolen the boat, broken the lock, and were turning round and round in the middle of the stream, and making no perceptible headway, but were now fast approaching the falls below, in which no boat ever went through and came out whole. The men had been drinking and had been partially drunken from the effects of the liquor, but now were apparently sobered through fear; for they realized the great peril they were in, and lustily did they call for help. My mother took in their situation at a glance, and saw the cause of their predicament. She saw that they had committed two wrongs, which led them directly to this impending disaster—the drinking of rum, which was the greater crime, as it loomed tanother, the stealing of the boat, whereby they were now in a fair way to lose their lives. But with my mother these things were insignificant in comparison with human lives, and she concluded to do all in her power to save them. But what could she do? It seemed as though she could hardly do anything. She knew that there was no rope at hand, and if she had one it would have taken more than her strength to have gotten it to them. But something must be done. She saw that they were nearly in the middle of the stream, and were traveling fast, and yet faster, toward the sharp and jagged rocks, against which the impetuous water was dashing itself into foam. No time was to be lost. Two of the men were kneeling in the boat and praying as only persons terribly interested can pray. The other had hopes yet in human help, and hailed with joy the coming of my mother. Her thoughts flashed through her brain with the rapidity of lightning, and she saw that she could only do one thing toward their escape, and that was to command. Never will I forget the appearance of that noble woman as she stood upon the embankment, near the house, and commanded those weak men to get up and work for their lives. And they obeyed as a child obeys his parents—or should obey. They were by this time nearer the further bank, and, as the boat swung around with its bow toward the shore, they were told to paddle mostly upon the lower side, and, at the proper time, as the boat began to turn, they were ordered to paddle upon the upper side, and this was kept up, the orders given and strictly obeyed, and quite good progress was made toward safety, but, as they neared the other shore, they also neared the falls, and, as they saw how fast they were going toward certain destruction, they almost gave up, but the noble words of encouragement that rang out over the river from the frail woman upon its bank stimulated them to greater exertion, and, as they came into the glassy waters just above the falls, and which is above and close to all falls, one man reached an overhanging limb, and, grasping it with the grip of a drowning man, pulled safely to the shore. The men quickly sprang ashore, and, as soon as they knew they were safe, told to the ground with fear and exhaustion. The boat went over the falls and was destroyed.

Were the men thankful for the kindness of my mother toward them? Yes, they were human. None but a human being could be thankful for such a favor. In a few days the party called at the house, and the many expressions of thankfulness and gratitude that fell from their lips were sufficient pay for saving their lives.

I trust that a valuable lesson was learned from this event by these men, and I am in hope that they refrained from using rum thereafter, but human nature is composed of such strange material that with some nothing but death will prevent them from doing wrong, but let us hope that with these men it was different.

The heroine of this story is alive at the present time, although aged, and is still able to peruse these lines, which are penned in justice to her by the writer.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness—that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in our quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

If, as has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears, when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, or what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.

This art of not hearing, though untaught in the school, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little convenience in dishonorable conversation.—United Presbyterian.

Two from One Leaves One.

Boys caught in using or making original arithmetic are lucky if they are shrewd enough to prove it:
Two urchins sitting on a doorstep with their slates in their laps were heard, by a passer-by, saying, "Two from one, and one remains." He at once challenged them with, "I'll give you a sixpence if you can prove that, my boys." They took him at his word and ran into a kitchen where their mother sat nursing twins. In a moment each boy had a baby in his arms, and was pointing at the wondering matron as a proof that their novel arithmetical proposition was correct. They had taken two from one, and one remained, and honestly won the reward.

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Mining in Archery.

The first principle of aiming is to be sure to have the arrow in drawing, directly under the right eye and lying directly in the line of vision of that eye as it looks at the point of aim. To do this perfectly, observe the following directions:

1. Take position and neck the arrow as heretofore described.
2. Raise the bow with the left hand, drawing back the string with the right hand as the bow is lifted.
3. When the left hand has reached the due elevation for the shot, take aim with the right eye (without closing the left eye) over the point of the arrow.
4. The aim being thus taken, finish the draw by bringing the right hand to a point just below the chin, and there loose.

If the above rules are strictly followed and the arrow, from the fixing of the aim to the point of loosing, has been all the time kept under the right eye, the shot will be in the direct line of vision of that eye.

In following this practice of aiming, the upper limb of the bow must be slanted to the right sufficiently to carry the bow-string entirely out of the vertical plane of vision of the right eye, otherwise two troubles will arise. In the first place the string will be between the eye and the arrow; and, secondly, the string will touch the chin before the draw is finished to the loosing-point. When the bow is slanted to the right the arrow can lie directly under the eye, while the string is drawn to the loosing-point under the chin, and when let go the arrow will fly directly away before the eye in a perfect line.

Before a beginner in archery can successfully practice aiming on correct principles, he must fully understand the laws of vision connected therewith. By fixing the eye steadily upon some distant point, it will be discovered that this particular point is seen by direct vision, and all others by indirect vision. Now, in aiming, the direct vision is fixed upon the point of aim, and the pile of the arrow is made to cover this point; but the gold of the target and the entire length of the arrow are seen by indirect vision, except when the gold, as in point-blank shooting, is also the point of aim.

The first thing then to master, is perfect control of the vision of the right eye. To do this, some archers are compelled to close the left eye, a very ill-apparenting thing indeed, which should be by all means avoided. To test your vision take an arrow by the feathered end, and hold it in the right hand pointing it at some distant object, keeping both eyes open. When the point of the arrow seems to cover the object, close the left eye. If then the object is still covered, you are aiming with your right eye. A little practice in this way will perfect your vision so that you can aim with your right eye and at the same time keep the left one open.—Maurice Thompson's Look.

A Boy Again.

Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man, with several millions.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a Director. One morning as he was thus investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of homemade bread, two doughnuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.
"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."
"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one," and he handed the boy a \$5 bill.

For days after, the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

Kissing in Paris.

At a party of young people in Paris conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing, and the question was propounded who of the young men present could boast of having given or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question called out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was betrothed bet 200 francs that they could kiss 10,000 times in ten hours, provided they would be allowed to take an occasional glass "between." Two persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and the work began. During the first hour they counted 2,000 kisses. During the second hour the kisses were not nearly as numerous, for the committee only counted 1,000. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but 1,750, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with a cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl, a few days later, was stricken with brain fever. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money, the parents of the girl refused to pay her share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts; there it was decided that the bet must be paid.

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A Mathematical Mystery.

Every man who has entrusted to a woman the work of manufacturing a shirt has had painful experience of her inability to comprehend the importance of accurate measurement. Mr. Smith, for example, permits Mrs. Smith to make a new shirt, to be made precisely after an old one, which measures, say, fifteen inches round the neck. When the new garment is completed, Mr. Smith finds that it chokes him, and he calls his wife's attention to the fact. She declares that it measures precisely the same as the model, and, appealing to a tape-measure in proof of the assertion, finds that the new shirt measures only thirteen inches around the neck. In these circumstances a male shirt-maker would confess that he had made a mistake. Not so, Mrs. Smith. She exclaims, with every appearance of triumph, "There! what did I tell you? One is almost exactly the same size as the other. There isn't two inches of difference between them." Nothing could more forcibly illustrate woman's total incapacity to grasp the importance of accurate measurements. A being who believes that a thirteen-inch hand will fit a fifteen-inch neck with as much accuracy as if the hand were two inches longer is born without any sense of the value of linear measure. As a rule, women decline to recognize the authority of yard-stick, measuring-tapes, and other standards, and place a pathetic faith in their personal fingers and thumbs. They have constructed for their own use certain tables which pretend that the upper joint of the thumb is exactly an inch in length, and that the width of three fingers is an inch and a half. These are the only measures which they will use when seeking to ascertain the length of a piece of piping cord, or the width of a skirt-breadth. It is needless to say that they are thus led into constant error. The female fingers and thumbs are not constant quantities, so far as their length and breadth are concerned, and to make them standards of measurement is as absurd as it would be to assume that the human foot is always twelve inches in length, whether it be the New York or the Chicago foot. What is very odd is the fact in the department of cookery, women make an elaborate pretense of their regard for careful measurement. They have rules for finding the exact quantity of each article that enters into the composition of any particular dish.

For instance, their cooking liturgies prescribe that in making cake one must take a cup of flour, six cups of butter, two dozen eggs, three cups of salt, a teaspoonful of indigo, a table-spoonful of starch, and three cups of molasses. But do they ever follow this rule? It is notorious that they pay no attention to it. When a woman undertakes to make cake she takes what she calls "enough" flour, and to this she adds "a little" indigo, starch, and salt, and stirs into it about as much butter and molasses "as is needed." Of course, the result is a ways untimorous. It may turn out that the compound thus made is cake, and it may prove to be rice pudding. The woman herself has not the least idea what it will be. With the printed rule for cake manufacture lying before her, one would suppose that it would be impossible for her to produce anything but cake, but in actual practice she utterly scorns the rule, and makes her mysterious compound by the light of nature, and humbly trusts that it will not come out of the oven as sausage or boiled bean.—New York Times.

Mosquitoes.

Among living creatures, can we find one that so bolies its appearance as the mosquito? What an innocent little thing it looks like! Bloodthirsty? Impossible! See—as it alights before you, a thistle-down is bulky compared with it; the floating ghost of the dandelion is coarse beside the slender outlines of this gossamer. None of the gauze-winged or beetle-backed atomies that frolic in the sunshine appear less capable of inflicting pain. As the nimble mosquito sings and dances airily over your head, he seems innocent compared to yonder black spider. And yet at your slightest movement the spider scuttles off, only anxious to get out of the way, while the little singer, so graceful in the airy curves of its flight, retreats a circle higher only to renew his attack at your first unguarded moment. His movements are as light as if earthly elements had formed none of his component parts, or as if he might live on mist or dew, or as if his ethereal frame found its support in the moisture inherent in the air!

What a mistake! There is nothing more bloodthirsty, and more persistently intent upon satisfying his craving for blood, than this innocent-looking hypocrite. The house-fly, alighting on your face and tickling you with his six rough, spongy feet—had he a like power to inflict pain, to what annoyance would you be subject? If to the domestic animals was given, in proportion to their strength and size, the power and will of the mosquito to inflict torment, what a world this would be; the lion and tiger would be comparatively harmless.

Surely these innumerable and ubiquitous little pests were given to teach us some lesson. We find their prototype in the tormenting and harassing nothing that worry our every-day life; the sharp sting given under cover of apparently smooth words, the buzzing of malicious tongues; the hints, the innuendoes that seem such trifles and yet do so much to poison our happiness—these are the mosquitoes that sting the heart. You who find cause for complaint that God should give life to such tormenting things in the animal world, is your conscience clear that you have not acted the same part in a higher sphere? Have your words and acts been always so full of love and tenderness that you have never willingly inflicted pain upon those around you? If you are careless of hurting the feelings of others, look at yonder insect dedicating its ephemeral existence to its own comfort at the expense of yours, and say if you are not imitating the mosquito with your greater powers, and carrying the annoyance of the lower into the higher life.—Christian Intelligencer.

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